But ſmothred it within my panting bulke.
Which almoſt burſt to belch it in the Sea.
Brok. A wakt you not with this ſore agonie ?
Clar. O no, my dreame was lengthned after life,
O then began the tempeſt of my ſoule,
Who paſt (me though) the melancoly flood,
With the grim ferryman which Poets write of,
Vnto the Kingdome of perpetuall night :
The firſt that there did greete my ſtrangers ſoule,
Was my great father in law, renowned *Warwicke*,
Who cried aloud, what ſcourge for periury
Can this darke Manarchie afford falſe *Clarence* ?
And ſo he vaniſht: Then came wandring by,
A ſhadow like an Angell, in bright haire,
Dadled in blood, and he ſqueakt out a loud.
Clarence is come, falſe, fleeting periurd *Clarence*,
That ſtabd me in the field at *Tewxbury*:
Seize on him Furies, take him to your torments,
With that me thought a legion of foule feinds
Enuironed me about, and houled in mine eares,
Such hideous cries, that with the very noyſe,
I trembling wakt, and for a ſeaſon after,
Could not beleeue but that I was in hell,
Such terrible impreſſion made the dreame.
Brok. No maruaile my Lord though it affrighted you,
I promiſe you I am affraid to heare you tell it.
Cla. O *Brokenbury*, I haue done thoſe things,
Which now beares euidence againſt my ſoule,
For *Edwards* ſake, and ſee how he requites me :
I pray thee gentle Keeper ſtay by me,
My ſoule is heauy, and I faine would ſleepe.
Brok. I will my Lord, God giue your grace good reſt,
Sorrow breakes ſeaſons, and repoſing houres
Makes the night morning, and the noonetide night.
Princes haue but their titles for their glories,
An outward honour for an inward toyle:
And for vnfelt imaginations,
They often feele a world of reſtleſſe cares:
So that betwixt your titles, and low names,

There's nothing differs but the outward fame

The murtherers enter.

In Gods Name what are you, and how came y
Exe. I would ſpeake with *Clarence*, and I can
Bro. Yea, are you ſo briefe ?
2 *Exe.* O ſir, it is better to be briefe then ted
Shew him your Commiſſion, talke no more.
Bro. I am in this commanded to deliuer
The noble Duke of *Clarence* to your hands,
I will not reaſon what is meant thereby,
Becauſe I will be guiltleſſe of the meaning:
Here are the keyes there ſits the Duke aſleepe.
Ile to his Maieſty, and certifie his Grace,
That thus I haue reſignd my place to you,
Exe. Doe ſo, it is a poynt of wiſedome.
2 What ſhall we ſtab him as he ſleepes ?
1 No, then he will ſay twas done cowardly
When he wakes.
2 When he wakes,
Why foole he ſhall neuer wake till the iudgem
1 Why then he will ſay, we ſtabd him ſleep
2 The vrging of that word iudgement, hath b
of remorſe in me.
1 What art afraid ?
2 Not to kill him, hauing a warrant for it, but t
for killing him, from which no warrant can de
1 Backe to the Duke of *Gloceſter*, tell him
2 I pray thee ſtay a while, I hope my holy h
change, twas wont to hold me but while one co
1 How doſt thou feele thy ſelfe now ?
2 Faith ſome certaine dregs of conſcience are
1 Remember our reward when the deed is d
2 Zounds he dies, I had forgot the reward.
1 Where is thy conſcience now ?
2 In the Duke of *Gloceſters* purſe.
1 So when he opens his purſe to giue vs our
Thy conſcience flies out.
2 Let it goe, there's few or none will entert
1 How if it come to thee againe ?